

Who Ya Trynna Scare

BlocBoy JB

Hah
Yeah
Hah, hah

Trafficking throughout the city, keep Glocks with them sticks and the
m thugs with me (With me)
I catch an opp in the streets, RIP him, you think that I brought turt
le doves with me (With me)
It's still F-R-double-
E, man, a nigga killed P, but you know that his cuz with me (Crip)
And I feel like a pharmacy 'cause I got this OG and these designer dr
ugs with me (Gas), you dig?
Say the wrong thing, then I'm gon' split your wig, you dig? (You dig?
)
How you a hitter but when you be shootin' you hittin' them little kid
s? (Woah)
McDonalds, I eat a McChicken with bacon, but I do not fuck with pigs
(Fuck 'em)
Where I'm from, nigga, we totin' them Glocks, we do not fuck with SIG
's, you dig? (Yeah)
Bullets spittin' like a beat (Yeah)
We pull up with the .223 (Three)
I can be a glass in the sun, bet a motherfuckin' opp can't see throug
h me (Facts)
Three holes in the head, he got bowling ball status
Strike a nigga out, first degree ('Gree)
Bitch, I'm icy to the teeth (Teeth)
I ain't never wear no turtleneck tee (Nope)
Make him run, he Deion with the cleats (Yup)
No baton but the boy police (Police)
Bought my car, nigga, ain't shit leased (Leased)
Try to rob, nigga, ain't shit sweet (Nope)
Who you tryna scare shootin' guns in the air?
What you tryna start, a track meet? (Yoom)
Pockets on fat, back meat
I get more ass than an Uber backseat (Uber)
But I don't do pick-
ups, this .40 right here got the hiccups (Hiccups)
My pockets strong and shit like a sit-up (Sit-up)
You put your hands on her, you know you wrong and shit
My nigga, that shit not official ('Ficial)
Bitch, I'm the shit like toilet tissue (Tissue)
Say the wrong thing, then the boys'll get you (Word)
You want this beef, then you need to catch up and get you a deal, I a
in't order pickles (Nope)
Bread, I got that sand like a sandwich (A sandwich)
I just made this shit off the head, this shit is literally talent (It
's talent)
I just spent five bands on some Nae Naes, I used to wear the New Bala
nce (Woah)
Smokin' the dope, spinnin' like a BeyBlade, this shit right here keep
me balanced (Gas)

Smokin' is helpin' me balance
I got your bitch right now, she 'bout to show me her talent
And I'm ballin' on these niggas, shootin' like Ray Allen
And these niggas, they some hoes, and they stay silent, facts
Say the wrong thing, get whacked
Nigga can't never say nothin' like me, get my chain snatched
'Cause I always keep me a chopper, nigga, that's no hat
Nigga, your bitch wanna take a pic, yeah, Kodak
Hah